

Becky the Brat's Book Report:
Part 2: Like Mother, Like Daughter

In the Latin classroom at Hell High, Becky Skiee sat perched on the edge of the teacher's desk in her school uniform, her skirt pinned up with a clothespin to reveal her perky posterior, clad in simple, sky-blue school knickers. Becky's beloved tights were not to be seen. For the last five days, that had been pretty much all she had been wearing.

A pointed dunce hat sat atop her head, and she was busy writing lines on the blackboard as punishment. Over and over again, she silently wrote the words: "I must put more effort into my vocational studies," in a shaky hand.

Seated directly next to Becky, the Hellmaster leaned forwards at his desk, leaning in and eyeing the young woman's quivering buttocks out of the corner of his yellow eyes. He was an old man, very lean, and very tall.

There came a knock at the door. Becky stiffened, but kept writing, while the Hellmaster only smiled. "Come in."

A curvy, middle-aged woman burst into the room. The Hellmaster raised a sharp eyebrow. "Welcome, Mrs. Skiee. I don't believe we've had the honor of being formally introduced before. I am Hellmaster—"

"That's *Mizz* Skiee to you!" Ms. Skiee strode towards the Hellmaster's desk. She was dressed in a formal lady's suit with shoulder pads and a black skirt, while her hair was styled in a short, platinum-blond perm. She huffed. "Hmmp... can't believe you don't have reserved parking for parents. I had to walk all the way over from the winery. Oh, hello Becky, darling, you look... that's a rather bold choice for a hat. Is that a *Maison Michel*?"

Becky's only answer was a soft, whimpering sound, before she accidentally scraped her chalk too roughly against the blackboard.

The Hellmaster shook his head. "No, ma'am. That is a dunce's cap to signify Becky's status. Specifically, her ghastly performance in her vocational studies. You don't like wearing it, do you Becky?"

Becky squirmed on her seat but did not risk pausing her work on the lines. "No, sir. But I will wear it, because I am a dumb blonde who needs to... um, learn smartly?"

"Learn *promptly!*" He reached back to deliver two sharp slaps across Becky's bare legs, each in turn. "As you can see, Becky is in desperate need of firm discipline to focus on her studies. I fear she is also in dire need of a dictionary."

Ms. Skiee wagged a finger in the Hellmaster's face. "Hey! Hands off my daughter's assets. I'm raising her to be a strong, independent feminist."

The Hellmaster's expression did not change. "You're raising her to be an irreverent bimbo. Not to mention a first-rate pain in the ass. But all is not lost. With regular doses of home discipline I think her attitude can be turned around."

"Discipline... you mean..." Ms. Skiee's eyes suddenly caught the rack of spanking implements on the wall. "What? You spank in this school? I thought that was banned after the Dark Ages or something."

The Hellmaster heaved a long, heavy sigh. "It seems you haven't acquainted yourself with the disciplinary manual very carefully, *Mizz* Skiee. You see, this is *Hell High*. And here we practice a very traditional, some might even say archaic, but thoroughly *scientific* form of discipline. One which has proven highly effective at changing the attitude of

bratty girls... of *any age!*” As he uttered the last words with emphasis, he carefully looked Ms. Skiee up and down.

Ms. Skiee’s mouth hung open. “But I thought this was supposed to be an elite, high-class sort of school. BBC accents and everything. In the States, only the low-class, hillbilly-hick sort of parents still spank their kids. Have you tried motivating Becky with treats? That usually works wonders.”

Becky shook her head. “No, Mummy! Don’t make it worse for my...”

Then Becky noticed the Hellmaster glaring at her, and faced the black board. “... Ahem! I am a very dumb blonde!”

The Hellmaster curled his lip. “Treats have not been motivating Becky to do her homework. She is failing in numerous classes.”

Ms. Skiee made a clucking sound. “Feh! So much for your scientific method, or whatever you call it.”

“Our methods are demonstrably effective at motivating our scholars to apply themselves. I’m afraid Becky is an example of what we politely refer to as ‘a problem student.’ But despite all evidence to the contrary, we do not believe that your daughter is an entirely hopeless case. We simply believe she needs to receive proper reinforcement at home. Unfortunately, Becky’s guidance counselor has sent you numerous emails, and made repeated attempts to call you, only to be directed by your secretary to an answering machine with a full inbox.”

“You’re the ones who’ve been calling me at work? How dare you! People at the office will think I’m not showing proper commitment to our company values at home!”

“I find your ambition to pursue your career most *admirable*. But if you wish to prepare your daughter for success, I strongly urge you to consider implementing our full recommended disciplinary regimen for Becky, at home.”

“You mean you want me to spank my precious Becky? How dare you suggest it! It’s anti-feminist!”

“*Au contraire*... when it comes to matters of discipline, we are principled egalitarians. Perhaps I should demonstrate? Tell me, are you averse to making a deal, Ms. Skiee?”

Ms. Skiee scoffed. “Bah! I’m breaking the glass ceiling by working in HR for my hubby’s up-and-coming Silicon Valley web app vibe coding solution! I think I know a thing or two about making deals.”

“Excellent. So I propose to test the validity of my methods, and if they are proven to be effective, then you will accept them yourself and then implement them to my satisfaction.”

Ms. Skiee stuck her nose in the air. “Hmmp. Effective? I’ll be the judge of that. If you can prove that such barbaric, non-non-violent parenting techniques actually work, to *my* satisfaction, I’ll admit you’re right. Heck, I just might start tanning Becky’s hide myself. You have a deal.”

Becky squeaked in alarm. “No, Mommy, no! Never make deals!”

Ms. Skie held up an index finger. “Hush, honey, Mommy’s working. Nothing’s happening to your precious, perfect little backside without my say-so.”

The Hellmaster lips parted slowly, revealing every one of his dull grey teeth. “She is quite correct, Becky. Now, up you get, young lady. Come around to the front of my desk. You’re overdue for another little *demonstration*. Assume the correct position.”

Becky looked sorrowful, but with an effort, she composed her face, and hopped down from the desk. “Ooohhh nooo, not again! Uh... I mean, yes sir! Yes, yes, yes, sir!”

Ms. Skie blinked, then her mouth hung open. “Whuzzah?”

The Hellmaster watched her silently. Nervously, Becky shuffled around the desk and rested her hands on the smooth top surface, sticking her bottom out. Despite her obedience, her anguish was still dreadfully apparent.

As the Hellmaster looked Becky right in the eyes, he sneered. “Good work on your posture. As a reward, you may have some cold cream later... assuming you don’t squander the privilege. Now, Becky, you are aware of the school’s punishment for lying, are you not?”

Becky tenses, struggling to remember the relevant section of the discipline manual. “Um... I know lying is forbidden, sir. I forget the exact details of my punishment.”

“Then I shall remind you. Lying is punished with six strokes of the ruler. Fortunately, you did not lie—you admit you forgot. I’m proud of you for that. You have, however, forgotten a school rule, and do you know the punishment for that?”

Becky’s buttocks clenched. “... Was it six with the ruler?”

“No, Becky. It was four with the ruler, which you will now receive. Furthermore, you gave an incorrect answer to my second question, which constitutes lying, so that’s earned you a further six with the ruler.”

With that he stood, and circled the desk to stand next to Becky. Then he removed the clothespin which was holding up her skirt. “Let’s have this out of the way. I’d hate to hurt you... without purpose.”

Then he lifted the hem of her skirt and tucked it neatly into her waistband. Finally, he firmly tugged her knickers down to her thighs, baring her shapely behind, which was still a bright shade of rose pink.

Intrigued, Ms. Skiee strolled up to the other side desk. “Huh? Becky never speaks so politely when I ask her to—”

Then, Ms. Skiee affected an angry “Momma Bear” face. “I mean—what are you doing? *I said:* you’re not laying a finger on Becky’s behind without my approval. You said you were going to prove the effectiveness of spanking. I figured you had some peer-reviewed studies or something.”

Becky, meanwhile, was bowing her head low to the desk, her voice pleading.

“Oh-please-oh-please-sir-it-was-an-accident-I-didn’t-mean-to-lie! I’m just... I am a dumb, forgetful blonde! Please, oh please, spare my poor bottom! I’m begging you! Oh no, no no! Oh, noooooez!”

“No,” said the Hellmaster, flatly. “Of course, Ms. Skiee, I must provide a demonstration of proper corporal punishment, to prove its efficacy. In accordance with *your* terms, I will not be laying a finger on her bottom. I will, however, be laying this *ruler* on her bottom, several times. And, in accordance with *my* terms, you will allow me to do it.”

He turned to Becky. “Becky, you are aware the appropriate position for begging is *not* bent over a table? You may adopt the proper posture for begging, if you so wish!”

Becky flopped off the table, dropping to her knees, blubbering. “Puh-leeze! I’m *begging* you! I’ll be good! I’ll try harder not to be a brainless, bone-headed bimbo! I really will!”

Then she grabbed the Hellmaster’s ankles and pressed her lips to his boots. Her mother watched in stunned silence.

The Hellmaster hummed, as if he was entranced by the sound of melodious music. “Very well, Becky. We will forgo the additional six strokes for *lying*. Now, resume the position for your first four strokes, for forgetting the school’s punishment code.”

Becky kissed his boots gratefully. “Oh, thank you, kind sir!”

As Becky stood, her skirt came untucked from her waistband, granting her a brief moment of modesty. Blushing slightly, she lifted her skirt daintily, reassumed her position at the desk, and fixed her skirt, tucking it all the way up and out of the way to present a clear target. Ms. Skiee blushed at the sight. “My, you’re so forceful. Authoritative and... *patriarchal*! I thought this was supposed to be a progressive education program?”

The Hellmaster tapped the ruler gently across Becky’s backside. “As you will see, we are making much progress. Now Becky, here they come!”

He raised the ruler and laid it forcefully across the upper portion of Becky’s ass cheeks.

Becky cried, then answered in a dry, monotone voice, as if on autopilot. “Eeeyooowlll! ... One sir, thank you sir!”

The second stroke landed just above the first, across the crown of her ass. Becky yelped. “Eeee-yipe! Two sir, thank you sir!”

The third caught her cheeks where they overhung her thighs.

Becky arched her back, choking. “Yoikes! Aaw, gawd! Three-sir-thank-you-sir! Ooow!”

The fourth and final stroke came straight down from above, flicking the edge of her cheeks with a brutal, stinging “sideswipe” strike. Becky sucked down a breath, and gasped out the final count. “Four... sir... thank you... sir!”

The Hellmaster spoke to Becky, but kept his eyes fixed on her mother. “Bravo Becky. As a reward for handling that punishment appropriately, you may have thirty seconds of rubbing time.”

He placed an egg timer on the desk. “Be back in position before the sand runs out.”

Becky immediately hopped up from the desk, grabbing her butt and howling as she danced in place. She was oblivious to how her bosom bounced up and down with each motion. Her dunce hat was now at risk of toppling off her head.

Content to let her dance, the Hellmaster returned to his seat, his eyes never leaving the egg timer.

Ms. Skiee stammered. “I’ve never seen anything like that. Becky used to throw a tantrum any time I had to so much as pull a splinter out of her finger, or wash her hair. She’s a precious little baby with no pain tolerance. What’s going on here, a practical joke? Am I being pranked?”

Still watching the timer, the Hellmaster drummed his fingers. “No, my dear woman. You are seeing the fruits of one week’s worth of appropriate discipline.”

“Ding!” went the egg timer.

Becky's eyes popped open, and she slammed her palms on the desk with surprising speed, obediently assuming the correct position. But as Becky listened to the timer ring, she shivered.

Now face-to-face with his victim, the Hellmaster eyed with a cold stare. "Becky, did I not say to be back in position *before* the time ran out?"

Becky whined. "Yes, sir... I tried! I tried to obey you, but--"

"And you know the punishment for disobedience?"

Becky scrunched her face, tears spilling down her cheeks. "*Another* spanking, sir! Oh, please please please, have pity on me!"

"We shall put that spanking on hold, for now. First, we have to prove the effectiveness of my methods. So, Becky, now that you know the penalty for lying, I am going to ask you some questions. And if you do not answer truthfully, I will know. Understood?"

Becky's buttocks shivered as she held it high. "Yessir!"

"Good. Now, first question: do you really want to do your homework?"

"No, sir! I hate doing my homework! But I'll do it! I'll do it all, just don't spank me!"

Ms. Skiee gasped. "But... she never does her homework!"

The Hellmaster stood, towering high above Becky. "Second question, Becky. Do you want to spend *another* week wearing nothing but that dunce hat?"

“No, sir! Anything but that, sir! I’ll do whatever you saaaay!”

THWACK!

With a lightning-quick motion, the Hellmaster reached around and slapped Becky’s upturned buttocks with both his bony hands, cradling them roughly between his long fingers. “Then, in lieu of that, how about I give you another solid spanking?”

Becky flinched, before her eyes popped open. “Ow! Um... uh... d-do you mean j-just o-one spanking, sir, instead of a week of enforced nudity?”

“No, not *just* any spanking. A *sound* spanking.”

Opening a cupboard drawer behind his desk, The Hellmaster produced a leather tawse, held it in front of the girl’s nose, and cracked it between his hands.

Becky’s face paled as she eyed the tawse. “T-those b-both sound awful, sir! Please, sir, don’t make me choose! If you’d j-just let me off with j-j-just the spanking I already have coming, I p-promise, I’ll be a good girl!”

Slowly, The Hellmaster strode back around the desk to stand beside Becky’s bare behind.

Ms. Skiee almost swooned. “My Becky? Promising to be a good girl? She always said being a goody two-shoes was major lame-o!”

CRACK!

Becky gasped as she felt the tawse impact against her upraised, abraded ass.

The Hellmaster raised his arm high, taking careful aim. “Those are your only two options. Go nude, or more of this!”

Again, he whipped the tawse across her hindquarters.

Becky stood on her tiptoes, then bounced on her heels. “Ow! Owow! Okay, okay, okay! I’ll take the enforced nudity! Not the strap! My backside is so sensitive! I can’t take this abuse!”

The Hellmaster gestured to the astonished Ms. Skiee. “You see? Through the appropriate application of punishment, Becky has been convinced to do something she did not wish to do. Therefore, you must agree to the effectiveness of corporal punishment as a tool of motivation.”

Ms. Skiee cleared her throat. “Erm... Well! That only proves that Becky will do something she doesn’t want to do if you threaten to hit her. You claimed that you’d prove to me that spanking is an effective method to *my* satisfaction. I’m hardly satisfied. I want to see some *real* proof. Be more convincing.”

She waved her wrist daintily and examined her permed nails. “That is, if you think you’re up to the task.”

The Hellmaster grinned. “Absolutely!”

Then, he grabbed the astonished woman by the wrist, sat on top of his desk, and pulled her over his knee.

Ms. Skiee squealed, flailing her fists against the man’s back. “Wah? Unhand me, you ruffian!”

But the Hellmaster easily held the older woman down, ignoring her protests. “We will start with a simple hand spanking and work our way up. Becky, your week of being naked starts in thirty seconds. You better be ready when it starts.”

Becky squeaked, then Becky started undressing. “Yessir!”

It was as if she was doing her best impression of Clark Kent changing into Superman, but without the phone booth. Soon, Becky stood fully nude except for her dunce hat, and collapsed her hands behind her head.

The Hellmaster nodded with approval at the sight, then turned his attention back to Becky’s mother. “Now, where were we? Ah, yes, I’m afraid we still have not been properly introduced. I am Hellmaster—”

Ms. Skie bucked and reared, one of her high heels snapping loose as she scraped her feet against the floor. “Lemme go, mother fucker!”

In answer, the Hellmaster brought his heavy hand down, hard, across the woman’d hindquarters. “That is the second time you have interrupted me. You have not introduced yourself. Please, tell me your name, *madame*.”

Ms. Skiee howled. “Argh! Fuck you! This is assault and battery! I’ll have you arrested for this!”

Becky shook her head, her eyes bulging. “No, Mommy! Arguing just makes it worse!”

The Hellmaster stroked his chin, watching Ms. Skiee’s child-bearing hips twist and wriggle atop his knee. “Yes. And we aren’t going to make much progress like this. Becky, be a gem and fetch your mother one of the paddles from my desk drawer. Then, go stand by the window where everyone can see you. Hands behind your head, dear.”

“Yessir! Right away, sir!”

Becky delivered the paddle to the Hellmaster, then marched her bare butt straight over to the window. “Sorry, Mommy. You’re on your own.”

As she spotted the paddle, Ms. Skiee’s eyes went wide. “How dare you! I’m a very important and powerful woman!”

The Hellmaster swung the paddle down hard, flat across the center of Ms. Skiee’s buttcrack. “Not any more. Here in Hell High, everyone is treated exactly as they deserve to be treated. And you, Ms. Skiee, are a brat who’s failed to teach her daughter properly. But we are going to teach you how effective this method is. Even if we have to break the paddle to do it.”

THWACK!

With that, the Hellmaster landed another thunderous blow, followed by another seven in quick succession.

After that, he increased the pace again. And as the blows began to rain down thick, fast, and hard on her ass, Ms. Skiee screeched.

Meanwhile, Becky was quickly spotted by a group of students passing by the classroom window. Becky shook her head as she watched her classmates pull out their phones, but it was too late.

Already one of the hottest girls at Hell High, Becky had become famous across campus after her last period of enforced nudity. She could hear their phones buzzing from

behind the window, and already, more students were starting to gather in the open courtyard.

Becky's face turned beet red, but she pressed her nose (and breasts) flat against the glass.

"Becky, you may wave to the crowd and blow them kisses if you wish," the Hellmaster said.

Becky's shoulders tensed. Slowly she raised her hand to do the parade-float wave and blew kisses to the gathering crowd.

By this time, Ms. Skiee had managed to catch her breath. "Yow! Ow, ow ow! Quit it! I... I *demand* to see your manager! I'll sue! I'll have you canceled! Aaaagh! Oooowwwie!"

The Hellmaster chuckled, but didn't pause the paddling for a moment. "Use your blond head, dear. I am the Hellmaster of Hell High. I have no manager. Am I to assume from those words you want me to *stop* using this paddle?"

"Aaaiiiee! Yes, of course. Just stop, stop, staaahp iiit!"

"For it to stop, you first have to ask me *nicely* to stop."

Slowing his pace slightly, the Hellmaster delivered three solid strokes, using the full length of his gangly arm.

THWAP! WHACK! THWHOP!

Ms. Skiee's mature buttocks writhed from side to side, straining taut against her formal skirt. "Yeeaaaaah! Oh, *fuck* me! That smarts!"

He aimed a ferocious blow across the woman's lower butt cheeks, flattening them like two pancakes as he held the paddle firm. "I don't hear you asking politely."

"Ack! Okay, okay! I'm sorry! You can stop now!"

"Nope. You forgot to say please. Becky, you better not be covering up over there."

Becky stiffened, looking ruefully over her shoulder. "No sir... they say they can see everything."

Ms. Skiee roared, her voice accidentally slipping back into her old-school California valley girl accent. "Ow! Whaddaya want from me? Like, I *totally* said I was sorry! I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry! Please, stop! Pretty please! Pretty please with sugar on top!"

"The proper form of address to one in my position would be either 'Hellmaster,' or else, 'Sir.'"

Feeling the paddle pressing flat against her behind, Ms. Skiee nodded furiously. "Yes! Yes, sir!"

"Excellent. Now, I don't believe we've been properly introduced. May I have your name, ma'am?"

"Huh? I'm Ms. Skiee!"

The Hellmaster delivered a quick pop with the paddle. "Is that your Christian name?"

"Eep! Eh, wah? I'm not a Christian!"

“Thank the powers that be for that. Let’s try another approach. What is the given name on your birth certificate?”

“Karen! I’m Miss Karen Skiee!”

“Karen? What a statistically probable, yet delightfully appropriate given name for a woman your age. Now, *Miss* Karen, would you like me to *please* stop this spanking?”

“Yes! *Please*, yes!”

With an amused look on his face, “See, that wasn’t so hard, was it? You have asked me politely to stop, and in accordance with school rules, I will. Provided you are convinced? You agree that we should follow the school’s disciplinary program, with respect to Becky?”

“Yes! Just stop! Whatever you say, sir!”

“Calling me sir already? Progress.”

“Yeah, yeah! I’ve learned my lesson and shit!”

The Hellmaster set aside the paddle, and reached back to open a drawer behind his desk.

“Now, Karen, in accordance with school rules I have to stop spanking you with the paddle. However, to ensure you learn your lesson, the school rules—which may I remind you, you have just agreed to follow—allow me to remove any interfering materials.”

With that, he yanked her skirt up, revealing a pair of black panties, which bore the caption: “A woman needs a man like a fish needs a bicycle,” along with an accompanying

cartoon illustration. Despite their plain color and unpromising slogan, they were surprisingly cheeky undergarments for a professional woman of her age.

Grabbing hold of the waistband, the Hellmaster tugged them lightly upward, giving the stunned woman a gentle wedgie. He held them firm, savoring the sight. “Think carefully. Should I take these *down*, Karen?”

Ms. Skiee gritted her teeth. “What? No, of course you should take them down!”

But as she heard her own slip of the tongue, she pursed her lips. “Uh—I mean—you need to ask for my consent first!”

The Hellmaster shook his head. “Incorrect. I’m afraid you are rather slow on the uptake. Though, I suppose we all know how you got promoted. Say, do you know what we used to say in London about the local girls who chased after the American allies?”

Ms. Skiee twisted her head from side to side, trying to get a glimpse of what was happening to her undergarments. “Eh? How should I know?”

“You haven’t heard this old one? It’s rather droll. If a lass was a bit of a slag, we used to say, ‘She has American panties.’”

“... What? Why?”

“One Yank, and they’re off!” With that, he yanked her panties down to below her knees, in one, clean motion.

Ms. Skiee’s bottom was mature and shapely, but there was some noticeable cellulite. “Hey! This can’t happen to me! I’m a proud, feminist girlboss!”

The Hellmaster clapped his hand firmly across each exposed butt-cheek. “And you’re about to be a proud, feminist girlboss who won’t be sitting down for a week! Now rules prohibit me using the paddle again. But, most fortunately...” He picked up the tawse, dangling it in front of her head. “... I still have this. I find it’s less weighty than the paddle, but can produce a keener sting. Becky could provide you with smarting testimony of its effectiveness.”

“The fuck is that thing?”

“A sentence I suppose you have used at every job interview since high school. This type of strap has many names. It’s commonly called a tawse, but we affectionately refer to it as ‘The Tickler.’”

“Huh? You’re gonna tickle me next? Please, not that! I have very sensitive, ticklish skin!”

The Hellmaster grinned evilly. “Maybe later. Right now though...”

CRACK!

As Ms. Skiee felt the tawse rip across butt, she immediately had a flashback to the time she had tried surfing in the middle of hurricane season as a teen.

"Yeeeeaaaaaaaaaaaaooooooooowwwwwwiiiiiiiieeeeeeeeee!"

Ms. Skiee forgot any semblance of propriety and began twisting, bucking, and kicking before blocking her buttocks with both hands. “Noooo! No more! No more, sir! I’ll behave!”

Rolling his eyes, the Hellmaster quickly pinned the woman's flailing hands against the small of her back with his free hand, then raised the tawse high. "I'm afraid school rules insist that punishment spankings are handed out in blocks of six..."

SMACK!

Ms. Skiee's voice cracked. "Eek! Ommigaaaaawd!"

"You may of course interject a plea for mercy if you wish. You remember how Becky performed it?"

THWICK! By the time the third lash had landed, two angry red welts had risen across Ms. Skiee's buttocks, and a third quickly arose to join them.

Ms. Skiee hissed. "Ow! Oh, fuck this! Please, stop! Stop, sir! I'll do whatever you want! I can... I'll blow your dick! I'll sit on your face! I'll put on a bunny girl outfit! I'm fucking begging you!"

Clicking his tongue, the Hellmaster set aside the tawse, and pinched the puppy fat along her butt, giving it a sharp twist. "No, Karen, begging is when you're on your knees. So if you want to beg, down you get. See if you can remember how your daughter did it."

Ms. Skiee flopped off his lap, rolling on the floor as she rubbed her plump rump. As she picked herself up, she noticed the crowd of students watching her through the window, and clutched the Hellmaster's ankles. "Oh, please, sir! Let this be over! There are children watching! If news of this gets out on the world wide web..."

She clasped her hands together as if in prayer, her mascara running down her face. "... I'll be the laughing stock of my LinkedIn group!"

"I don't care. And you haven't offered me anything remotely interesting, Little Ms. Art-of-the-Deal. Earlier, I believe you made several intriguing suggestions, including wearing a certain outfit. What was it? Ah, yes, a bunny girl costume! What say we make a

deal? You will change into this amusing outfit, and wear it for a week. Furthermore, you implement my discipline techniques with Becky at home—something I will be checking up on—and in return... I will not spank you with the tawse any more. Agreed?”

Ms. Skiee eyed his crotch, looking conflicted. “Um... what about my other suggestions?”

“Honesty, Ms. Skiee, have you no shame? I am at work. We can negotiate the finer details of your surrender another time. Perhaps when I visit your home to check on your progress with Becky?”

By this point, Ms. Skiee had rested her cheek on the Hellmaster’s lap, lightly brushing her lips against his pant leg. But something in the Hellmaster’s stern tone snapped the once proud, strong, feminist girlboss out of her reverie. Finally, Ms. Skiee pouted. “Yes sir. You win. I’m convinced. Spanking is the most effective form of motivational discipline ever conceived by man! Just, please, don’t spank me any more, Daddy... I mean, Mr. Hellmaster, sir!”

“Very well. If you don’t want another six with the tawse, then get that stupid suit off at once. You know, I believe the theater department should have a vintage, Playboy bunny costume for you to wear. Check the storage closet. It’s over there, right behind Becky.”

As Ms. Skiee started to stand up, the Hellmaster gently cradled her across the back of her skull, and guided her head down. “Nah, ah, ah! You are supposed to be a bunny, remember? Stay on all fours for now, and get hopping!”

With a few playful pats, he goosed the woman towards the storage closet. With a little squeak of surprise, Ms. Skiee hopped, exactly like a bunny. Then, she heard a roar of laughter from the crowd gathered at the window. Glancing behind her, Ms. Skiee noticed that Becky was gently banging her forehead against the glass pane.

Although Ms. Skiee made several whiny, whimpering noises, she submissively crawled the rest of the way to the closet, and quickly located the bunny suit. It was a golden, low-cut unitard, complete with fishnet stockings, bunny ears, and a fluffy white tail. She tried to undress quickly without giving anyone a glimpse of her full moon. As Ms. Skiee stepped out of her formal suit, she tried to reach for the dreaded bunny costume, her hand trembling.

But the moment before she could grasp the bunny costume, the Hellmaster appeared from nowhere, and snatched her by the wrist. "Hold on! We've one last important matter to discuss. Pick up your clothes, fold them neatly, then place them on my desk."

Ms. Skiee quickly bent over to retrieve her work clothes. Then she tensed, and glanced over her shoulder. All the eyes of the crowd were fixed squarely on her naked backside. The Hellmaster scowled and aimed two claps at Ms. Skiee's thighs, just below the mottled red flesh of her buttocks. "Get to it."

Ms. Skiee squeaked, then power-walked straight to the desk, before remembering she forgot her clothing and quickly doubling back.

As a shadow loomed over her, Ms. Skiee's hair stood on end, and she turned to see the Hellmaster towering over her. "You may have these back after you have demonstrated proper behavior. Tell me, Ms. Skiee, what do you believe constitutes proper behavior for a woman your age?"

Ms. Skiee glanced down at her fully nude form, and saw her knees knocking. "Whatever you say, Mr. Hellmaster!"

"An excellent answer, Ms. Skiee. That proves you do indeed possess the *capacity* for reason. Now, you will recall that I said I wouldn't spank you again... not with The Tickler. But you were quite rude and uncooperative during your first spanking. And

therefore, you're still owed a second spanking! I think I'll have you naked for this round."

Ms. Skiee dropped to her knees, clutching tight to the tall man's legs. "Oh, please, sir, you've made your point! My poor bottom is already so, so sore!"

Kneeling down, the Hellmaster scooped the plump little woman up by her armpits. "And it's about to get much, much worse!" Then he dropped her across his bent knee, propping her ass up high in full view of the window, and raised his hand high above his helpless target.

Then he paused, noticing that Becky was partially obstructing the watching crowd's view from the window. "Becky, you're crowding us. Give your mother and I some space, dear."

Becky nodded, but kept her face against the window as instructed, rocking back and forth the balls of her feet. "Yessir... um, you want me to just scootch over here so I don't block anybody's view from the window?"

"Of course, Miss Skiee. Just go stand in timeout on the opposite side of the room. Your Mummy can take centre stage for now. But better keep your nose pressed against that window, if you don't want to earn demerits for ignoring instructions."

The Hellmaster landed a quick clap across Becky's backside. "Move it, girl!"

"Eep! Yessir!" Becky tensed her shoulders, then shuffled sideways. The glass squeaked as Becky's nose and tits rubbed along the long, smooth surface. Outside, an entire mob of male and female students cooed in awe.

Ms. Skie groaned. "P-p-please!"

The Hellmaster watched Becky closely until she reached the end of her sojourn. Then, with a satisfied smirk, he raised his hand high and swung it down hard across Ms. Skiee's upturned ass.

SMACK!

Ms. Skiee bellowed. "Nuh? N-noooooo-ho! Not this again!"

"Correct, my hand again. Usually, the disciplinary manual recommends using a different implement for each stage of a graduated punishment. However, since this is clearly your first time being spanked, I will spare you the caning you would have gotten normally."

Ms. Skiee howled with fresh agony and humiliation. "Please, don't do this to me! Everyone can see me mooning them! They're all laughing at me! Waaaah!"

"Oh, stop that whining. It's unbecoming of a woman your age."

SMACK!

"I know your type. You always want to be the centre of attention. And now you are! Besides, I'm proving my point."

SLAP!

"Are you willing to do anything I tell you to stop this spanking?"

SHWHACK!

Ms. Skiee strained, then collapsed across his lap, weeping. “Oooh... Ow, ow, oooooowww! Oh dearie, yes! Yes, sir! I’ll be good!”

“Alright then, prove it. Get up and get in that window. Hands on head, no covering.”

Ms. Skiee mewled like a kitten. “Yessir!” She hopped, skipped, and jumped towards the window and stood facing the crowd. You could hear her whine softly as the crowd cooed at the sight of her matronly breasts.

Noticing Becky, the Hellmaster beckoned her towards him with a finger. “Becky, get your ass back over here, too. Keep your nose against the wall.”

Becky squeaked all the way back to join them. Then the old man guided the two women to stand next to each other, stroking the mother and daughter along their shoulders. “Time for some quality mother/daughter time together. Half an hour, and if I catch either of you covering up...”

He clapped both their rears.

“We’ll show our window shoppers a two-for-two-for-one special. A caning, followed by a paddling.”

In sheer terror, Becky and Ms. Skiee both faced the window, closing their eyes to block out the sight of the watching eyes all around them. But they couldn’t ignore the murmurs of the crowd which carried through the clear glass.

By this point, word had spread around Hell High about the “parent-teacher conference from hell.” Ms. Skiee risked taking a peek, and saw a tall, muscular young woman eyeing them from the opposite side of the glass, holding up a camera. Another bespectacled

woman was taking furious notes in a journal, then took a flash photo with a polaroid camera. She wore a fedora with a card in the brim that read, "Press Pass."

Becky cooed as she examined the onlookers. "Ooh! That's Katie the Bulky! I think she's livestreaming for her gamer channel. And that's Holly the Nerd. You know, she gets good grades, but still gets spanked about as much as I do. Go figure."

Ms. Skiee groaned. "Shut up, Becky!"

The two endured half an hour of quality mother-and-daughter time. Then, they heard an egg timer ringing behind them.

The Hellmaster looked up from a textbook. "That will do for corner time. Oh, Karen, dear? *Now* you may go and dress in your bunny suit. As for you Becky, back to your lines. Work at your own desk for now."

With a distant expression, Ms. Skiee made her way to the closet, and slowly stared to dress in her golden Playboy bunny costume.

Becky hummed softly as she retrieved her slate from her desk and sat down to write. Unfortunately, her humming caught the Hellmaster's attention. "On second thought, I think the theater department might have a few more amusing outfits in storage. You two can play dress-up. Karen, look for a kitty-cat costume for Becky. I think felines are more in vogue for her generation than lagomorphs."

Ms. Skiee blinked, as if awakening from a trance, and pulled out a fuzzy pink costume with cat ears. "You mean this thing?"

The Hellmaster smiled, then stood to eye his two hapless victims. "That's the one. Oh, fear not, Becky. I won't punish you for disobeying my instructions to remain naked for

the next week. As the head of the theater department, I can make an exception to enforced nudity requirements... but you'll have to lower the flap in the back."

Becky noticed the drop seat in the cat costume, and stepped into it eagerly. But just as she reached back to button it up, the Hellmaster snuck up behind her and slapped her ass. "Keep the drop seat down, Miss Skiee. Really, must I spell everything out?"

With a fitting caterwaul, Becky hopped in place, then quickly dropped her hands to reveal her bare bottom. "Yes, sir! No, sir! Uh... three bags full, sir?"

Ms. Skiee tried to fix the low cut bosom of her bunny costume, hanging her head in shame as she examined herself. But despite her age, there was still an adorable quality of shyness to how the middle-age woman carried herself in her new duds.

The Hellmaster patted the older woman across her bare shoulder. "Karen, dear, let's review our discussion. You now agree that Becky should be punished by a spanking for being naughty, correct?"

Ms. Skiee's bunny ears flopped back and forth as she nodded. "Oh, yes, Mr. Hellmaster. You're absolutely right! I think my daughter would definitely benefit from your disciplinary methods."

The Hellmaster put his hands along Ms. Skiee's waist, and pulled her close. "And who was the one at fault in our prior discussion? You, or myself?"

Ms. Skiee shuffled on her feet. "Me, Mr. Hellmaster, sir. I was entirely in the wrong. It's my fault I got spanked, not yours. I am a naughty little bunny girl, and I deserve to be spanked."

“Ah, that’s quite right. But isn’t there *someone else* who is to blame for all that’s happened to you today? Another naughty little girl, who deserves to be spanked?”

While Miss Becky Skiee looked suddenly nervous, Ms. Karen Skiee looked suddenly hopeful.

Bouncing with glee, Ms. Skiee looked back and forth from her daughter to the taller, older man. “Do you think I ought to give Becky her spanking right now? After all, if a student gets punished by her teacher, it’s only sensible that she be punished again by her mother!”

“Indeed she should. In fact, if you had not come to see sense on the matter, I would think we’d have to *revisit* our previous discussion, wouldn’t we, Karen?”

Ms. Skiee shielding her backside with one hand, sidestepping around the tall man towards her daughter. “Er... that won’t be necessary, sir! I do so hate arguing.”

Then, Ms. Skiee snatched Becky by the wrist, and started dragging her daughter towards the Hellmaster’s work desk. “Right! You heard the Hellmaster, Becky Skiee. Get your butt over here and bend over my knee, right now! I’ll teach you not to be a dunce in school. You’ve been a bad, bad pussy cat!”

Becky looked at her mother in horror, covering her mouth with a fluffy pink cat paw. “But, Mom! You’ve never hit me before!”

Ms. Skiee grimaced as she sat herself down on the hard wooden surface, then slapped her thigh. “My mistake. I assure you, it won’t be happening again.”

“But—”

With a huff, Ms. Skiee yanked her daughter closer. Becky nearly tripped, and was forced to catch herself on the desk, landing gracefully on all fours across her mother's lap. Ms. Skiee casually brushed aside the fuzzy pink tail on Becky's costume, casually brushed aside her platinum blond hair, then casually began to spank her daughter in earnest. "Mr. Hellmaster, is there an implement you'd recommend? I thought I'd start with my hand for a warmup, but I want to make sure Becky gets payback for getting my ass in... I mean, for not focusing on her studies."

"Well she's already had the ruler and a paddle today. But I think a wooden hairbrush would serve you well. Perhaps you have one in your handbag."

Ms. Skiee blinked, her hand frozen in midair. "My what?"

The Hellmaster grimaced. "Your... purse? I suppose that's your Americanized term for it."

Becky glanced over her shoulder. "What? That's what they call a hairbrush in the Yookay?"

Ms. Skiee landed a hard swat with her open palm. "No, you bird-brain, they call purses handbags. Only men carry purses in England, like the Robin Hood type characters. Now, I believe I left my hairbrush in..." Ms. Skiee stuck out her tongue as she rifled through her handbag, only to frown. "... in my other purse, at the hotel."

Becky clapped her cat-paw-gloved hands in delight. "Ooh! I have a hairbrush! It's in my purse! It's pretty and pink and..."

Becky's eyes popped open as she saw her pretty pink hairbrush float into the air, before landing in the Hellmaster's outstretched hand. Becky shook her head, fresh tears

budding in her eyes. “Hold on! I didn’t know what you wanted it for! Um... I had the right to remain silent! Yeow! Owwie!”

With a girlish giggle, Ms. Skiee resumed the hand spanking, peppering Becky’s posterior with ferocious speed. “Don’t worry, Mr. Hellmaster. I’ll see to it that Becky doesn’t sit comfortably for the entire rest of the year. Not until she shapes up her act in school, at the very least. As we say in the States, if you won’t learn your lesson at one end, you’ll learn it at the other!”

The Hellmaster slapped the hairbrush against his open palm. “Do they really say that, over in the colonies?”

Ignoring her daughter’s attempts to stutter and stammer out an apology, Ms. Skiee accepted the hairbrush from the Hellmaster. Humming pensively, the bunny-suited Karen patted the hairbrush across her daughter’s delightful derriere. “Hmm, now that you mention it, I suppose that’s mostly a red-state sort of thing.”

The old man chuckled. “Or rather, a red-*bottomed*-state sort of thing, mayhaps?”

Mewling in despair, the kitty-costumed Becky clenched her glutes, before the gentle strokes of the brush forced her to relax her tensed muscles. “Mommy... Please... I’ll be good, I promise!”

Ms. Skiee shushed softly, and continued to stroke the brush gently across her daughter’s buttocks. “There, there, Becky, I know you’re going to be a good girl, and work hard in school. But if you ever get me hauled into the Hellmaster’s office for a parent-teacher conference ever again, I’ll have to spank you.”

Becky purred as she felt the comforting gesture, and slowly lifted her bottom to accept the soothing massage. “Yes, Mommy, just stop spanking me, and I’ll never do it again! Never, ever—”

Immediately Ms. Skiee slammed the hairbrush down twice in quick succession. “Nope! You certainly won’t. But regardless, I *will* be spanking you again. Every. Single. Day!”

Becky wailed. “No, Mommy! No, no, no!”

Ms. Skiee cackled with delight as she started to spank harder and harder, then faster and faster. “Oh, yes, Becky! Yes, yes, yes! *I* got a spanking at school, so *you’re* getting a spanking at home!”

Becky groaned in despair, before her voice cracked, and she melted into gurgling, guttural cries.

The Hellmaster nodded, and approached the door. “Very good, ma’am. I’m glad you see it my way. Well, I’ll leave you ladies to it. See you tonight, Karen, dear.”

As Becky’s weeping devolved into uncontrolled ugly sobbing, Ms. Skiee froze, mid paddle stroke. “Uh, why am I seeing you tonight? Not that I mind, mind you, but—”

“To ensure you handle Becky’s discipline properly of course. And to ensure you’re *thoroughly* familiar with the disciplinary manual. After all, what’s good for the gosling...” He opened the door of his office, and stared at both women with hungry, vacant eyes. “... is good for the goose”

As they felt the Hellmaster’s eyes on them, Becky and Karen both shivered. They felt an uncanny sense of cold all over their bodies, except for their rear ends.

At that particular moment, the two women's backsides were fearsomely hot.

[The End]